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MY FIRST RECOLLECTIONS OF BROOKVILLE, PA.

1840 to 1843.

When my feet were bare and my cheeks were brown.

WESTERN ENTRANCE TO BROOKVILLE, 1840.

—BY—

W. J. McKNIGHT, M. D.

DC. March 4, 1902.

PREFACE.

At the repeated solicitation of Maj. John McMurray, I wrote these, my "Recollections of Brookville in 1840–1843," for his newspaper, the JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT. The articles appeared weekly, and were about a column in length, running from July 19, 1894, until December 6, 1894. After the first article was published Maj. McMurray further suggested that the type, after being used in the paper, be weekly set aside and reprinted in pages for a small pamphlet, and that I publish a limited number of these for distribution among friends and neighbors. This we have done. While no apology is offered for the pamphlet, it is but just to the reader of it to say, that the articles were not written with the seclusion and care of a historian, or to appear in a book, but were written from my own childhood remembrances of that period, and penned for the JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT at times when I had a little leisure from business and professional duties.

Yours,

W. J. MCKNIGHT.

BROOKVILLE, PA., January 1st, 1895.

MY FIRST RECOLLECTIONS OF BROOKVILLE.

By DR. W. J. McKNIGHT.

I was born in Brookville when wolves howled almost nightly on what is now known as our "Fair Ground;" when the pine in its lofty pride leaned gloomily over every hill-side; when the shades of the forest were heavy the whole day through; when the woods around our shanty town was the home of many wild animals, such as panthers, bear, wild cats, foxes, deer, elks, rabbits, turkeys and pheasants; when the clear sparkling waters of the North Fork, Sandy Lick and Redbank creeks contained choice pike, many bass, sun, horned chubs, trout, and other fish: when the wild "bee trees" were quite numerous and full of luscious sweets for the woodsman's axe. As you will see, choice meals for hunters and nimrods could easily be obtained from the abundance of this game.

The conditions and circumstances of the country made every man a hunter, and each and every one had his gun, bullet moulds, shot pouch and powder horn for any and every emergency. It was frequently found necessary before going to church on Sunday to shoot a wild turkey or a deer to "keep them off the grass." The "mighty hunters", though, were "Mike", "Dan", John and "Bill" Long. Dan was murdered on the Clarion river, near Raught's mill. John was the father of Hon. Jas. E. Long. In winter these hunters wore a white garment, called a "hunting shirt", buckskin breeches, and moccasin shoes. Animals were ruthlessly killed for their skins. Deer were thus slaughtered, only the "saddles," or hind quarters, being saved for food. If a history of these Longs could be truthfully written—a full narration of their adventures, perils, coolness and daring while on the trail of bear, wolves and panthers—it would perhaps make a book, equally as interesting as the "Life of Dan'l Boone and Simon Girty."

In the way of a preface to these imperfect reminiscences of Brookville and our dear fathers, I simply ask of you this:

> Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
> These homely joys and destinies obscure,
> Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
> These short and simple annals of the poor.

My first clear and distinct recollections of our town and the people in it are in the years 1840 to 1843. The ground where the DEMOCRAT is now printed was then covered with pines. Then Brookville was a town of 40 or 50 "shanties" and 8 or 10 business places, including the "old brick court house" and the "old stone jail". The number of people in the town was about two hundred. These "shanties" were principally all on Main street, and extended from Judge Truman's residence in the east to where Judge Clark now lives in the west. There were a few scattered shanties on Jefferson street. A great, deep gully, crossed Main street about where the Brookville National Bank now stands.

A common sign in those days was, "Cakes & Beer For Sale Here"—a bottle of foaming beer in a glass in the corner. The The first of these signs which I remember was one on John Brownlee's house, now the Truman mansion, and one on John Showalter's house (the late gunsmith), now the property of John S. Moore. The cakes were made of New Orleans molasses, and were delicious, more so than any you can make or buy now. They were sold for a cent apiece. The beer was home-made, and called "small beer." It was made of hops, ginger, spruce, sassafras roots, wheat bran, molasses, yeast and water. About every family made their own beer. Mrs. Judge Henderson, Mrs. Showalter, and other old ladies living in the town now, I venture to say have made "barrels" of it.

The hotels in the town then were four in number. First, the "Red Lion", located then where Frank P. Rankin has his hardware store now. This hotel was kept by John Smith, the step-father of David Eason. The second was the "Jefferson House," then kept by Thomas Hastings, now occupied and kept by Phil. J. Allgeier. In this hotel the "light fantastic toe" was tripped to the airs of "Munney Musk", "Virginia Reel", French Four", and "Pinecreek Lady". The orchestra for these occasions was George Hayes, a colored fiddler of the town, who could play the violin behind his back as well as before his face, with his left or right hand, and asleep or awake. I could name quite a number of ladies in the town now whom I used to see enjoying themselves in this way. The third was the "Franklin House", built by John Gelvin, and then kept by John Pierce. The Central Hotel, owned by S. B. Arthurs, has been erected on the ground occupied by the Franklin. The fourth was on the corner of Main and Barnett streets, erected by John Dougherty. It swung the sign:

"Peace and Poverty, by John Dougherty."

In 1840 it was occupied and kept by John Gallagher. Each of these hotels had license, and sold whiskey at three cents a drink, mostly on credit. You could have your whiskey straight, or have brown sugar or "tansy bitters" in it. The bars had to be opened regularly on Sunday for "morning bitters." Single meals were given for twenty-five cents, a "check" or cold meal for a "leven penny bit", and a a bed for ten cents. You could stop over night, have supper, bed, morning bitters and breakfast, all for fifty cents.

The Susquehanna and Waterford turnpike was completed in 1822 and 1823. It was a good road, and was kept in fair repair. In 1840 it passed from under State control, and the magnitude of the travel over it was great. The stage line was started in 1825. Morrow started his team in 1835, and cattle and other droving commenced in 1835. All this I am told; but I know the stage was a big factor in 1840. Morrow was on time, and droving was immense. I have seen passing through Brookville on their way east from four to six droves of cattle in a day. The droves were generally divided into three sections. At the head of the first would be a man leading a big ox, his extra clothing strapped on the ox's head, and the man would be crying out ever and anon, "K-o, b-o-s-s;" "Come, boss." I have soon two and three droves of sheep pass in a day, with occasionally a drove of hogs sandwiched between them. Horse droves were numerous, too. I have seen a few droves of colts, and a few droves of turkeys. I could not give an estimate of the number of these droves I have seen passing our home in a day. The business of droving began in June of each year, and ended in November. There was no other way to take this merchandise east than to drive it.

But you must not think everybody was going east. A big lot of people were going

west, including their cousins and their aunts. This 'pike was the shortest line west. We lived where T. L. Templeton now lives, and every few days all through the summer months I would see, nearly opposite the Baptist church, in the middle of the street, two men and a dog, and one of the men usually carrying a gun. They were the advance guard for an "emigrant train." In a few minutes from one to six wagons would come in sight, and stop—all stopping here for a short rest. "Where are you going?" was the usual inquiry. "Going West; going to Ohio." The wagons were heavy, wide-tracked, covered with hoops and a white canvas, had a stiff tongue and iron pole chains. The horses wore heavy harness, with iron trace chains. An occasional emigrant would locate in our county, but the great majority generally struggled on for the far West—Ohio.

The usual mode of travel for the people was on foot or on horseback; but the most interesting mode was the daily stage, which "brought" and "took" the mail and carried the passengers, who were going east or west. This was the "limited mail," and the "day and night express" of these days—a through train, only stopping 30 minutes for meals. Of course this "limited mail," this "day and night express," over this "short route," eclipsed and overshadowed every other line and mode of travel. It was "grand, startling, and stupendous." There were no through tickets sold, to be

"Punched, punched with care,
Punched in the presence of the passengaire."

The fare was six cents a mile in advance, and to be paid in "bi-metalism." When the officials made their usual tour of inspection over this "road" they had extended to them the genuine hospitality of everybody, including that of the landlords, and free whisky. President Roberts of the Great Pennsylvania Line is a small potato to-day in contrast with the Chief Manager of our line in that day; for our line was then the vanguard of every improvement a passenger might desire or a traveler wish for.

The coaches were made in Concord, New Hampshire, and were called "rockaway coaches." Each coach had heavy leather belt springs, and was a handsome vehicle, painted red, with gold stripes and letters, and was drawn by four horses. The coach was made to carry nine passengers, but I have often seen it with a dozen inside, two on the seat with the driver, and some on top. Trunks were carried on the top and in the "boot." Every driver carried a horn, and always took a "horn." When nearing a "relay," or a postoffice, the valleys and hills were made to echo and re-echo to the "er-r-a-h, er-r-a-h, tat, tat, t-a-h, tat t-a-h," of the driver's horn, which was to attract the attention of the landlord or postmaster, by night or by day.

The prominent stage drivers in 1840 were Gabriel Vasbinder, Bill Adams, Joe Stratton, and others. The great pride of a driver was then to turn a "coach-and-four" with the horses on a "complete run." Bill Adams was good at this. Each driver carried a whip made as follows: A hickory stock, and a buckskin lash ten or twelve feet long, with a silk cracker on the end. These whips were handled with a marvelous dexterity by drivers, and were made to crack over the horses' heads like pistols. A laughable incident occurred in one of these turns on Main street. The driver was showing off in his usual style, and in making the turn with the horses on a complete run the coach struck a stone, which upset it. The weight of all the passengers coming against the coach door burst it open, and the passengers, one and all, were thrown out and literally dumped into the hotel barroom. This was a perfection in stage driving not easily attained.

In 1840 Brookville merchants purchased their goods in Philadelphia. These pur-

chases were made in the spring and fall It took about two and a half days continuous traveling in the "limited mail" day and night stage coach to reach Lewistown, Pa., and required about one day and a half traveling over the canal and railroad to reach Philadelphia from that point. From Brookville to Philadelphia it required some four or five days constant traveling. Our merchants carried their money on these trips as well as they could, mostly secreted in some way on or about their persons. After purchasing their goods in Philadelphia they were ordered to be shipped to Brookville as "heavy freight," over the great corporation freight line of "Joe Morrow." Joe was a "bloated corporationist," a transportation monopolist of that day. He was a whole "trust" in himself. He owned and managed the whole line and had no opposition, on this end at least. His line consisted of two Connestoga wagons, the bed on each at least four feet high and sixteen feet long. Each wagon was painted blue, and each was covered with a white canvas, this covering supported by hoops. The wagon was always loaded and unloaded from the rear end. The tires on the wheels were six inches wide. Each wagon would carry over three tons of freight, and was drawn over good roads by six magnificent horses, and over bad roads by eight of such horses. This was the "fast" and heavy freight line from Philadelphia to Brookville until the canal was built to Lewistown, Pa., when Morrow changed his headquarters from Philadelphia to Lewistown, and continued to run his semi-annual "freight train" from Lewistown to Brookville. Morrow's advent into town was always a great event. He always stopped his "train" in front of the Red Lion hotel, then kept by John Smith. The horses were never stabled, but stood day and night in the street, three on each side of the stiff tongue of the wagon, and were fed in a box he carried with him called his "feed trough." The harness was broad and heavy, and nearly covered the horses, and they were "hitched up" to the wagon with iron "pole" and "trace chains." The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Switchmen's Union, the "American Railway Union," and all the Sovereigns and Debs's put together, had no terrors for Joe, for he had but one employe, a "brakeman" for his second wagon. Joe was the employed and the employer. Like a "transportation king," like a "robber baron," he sat astride a wagon saddle on the hind lead horse, driving the others with a single line and a blacksnake whip, to the words, "Gee," "Jep," and "haw." Morrow always remained in Brookville four or five days, to buy our products and load his train for the home trip. He bought and loaded clover, timothy and flax seed, feathers, old rags, tar, beeswax, wheat, rye, chestnuts, furs, and dried elderberries. The western terminus of his line was Shippenville, Clarion county, Pa., and on his return from there was when he bought up these products.

Morrow's last trip to Brookville with his train was about the year 1850. He was an Irishman, slim, wiry, industrious, and of business habits. He was killed by the kick of a horse between the years 1850 and 1860. I remember that he usually wore a spotted fawn skin vest, made from the skin with the hair on. The merchants in Brookville of that day who are still living, and for whom Morrow hauled goods, as far as I can recollect, are Uriah Matson, Harry Matson, Judge Henderson, Samuel Truby, Wm. Rodgers and W. W. Corbett, who now reside in or near the town; Captain John Hastings of Punxsutawney, and W. F. Clark of Maquoketa, Iowa, and S. M. Moore of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The town was laid out in 1830. My father moved here in 1832. He taught the second term of the school in the town, in

the winter of 1832. He was major in the militia, a justice of the peace, and was county treasurer when he died, in 1837, at the early age of twenty-seven years, leaving my mother in this wilderness, a widow with three small children to support and rear. In 1840 my mother taught a summer term of school, in what was then and is now called the Butler school house. This school house is on the Ridgway road, in Pinecreek township, two miles from town. I was small, and had to go and come to and from this school with mother. We came home every Saturday to remain over Sunday, and to attend Presbyterian church, service being then held in the old brick court house. The Presbyterians then called their church "Bethel." In 1842 it was changed to Brookville. We had no choir in the church then, but had a "clerk" who would stand in front of the pulpit, read out two lines, and then sing them; then read two more and sing them, and so on until the hymn or psalm was sung, the congregation joining in as best they could. Of these clerks the only ones I can now recollect were Thomas Lucas, Samuel McQuiston, and John S. Lucas. I have no recollection of David's Psalms being used other than is found in Watts' version, in combination with the hymns. I recollect two of the favorite hymns at that time with this church. The first verse of each hymn was as follows:

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The first verse of the second hymn was:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

One by one, one by one, these early pioneer Christians have left for this "land of pure delight," to occupy these "mansions in the skies." I hope and pray that each one is now—

"In seas of heavenly rest."

After returning home from the Butler school house one Saturday, I remember I asked my mother for a "piece." She went to the cupboard, and when she got there the cupboard was not bare, for, lo! and behold, a great big snake was therein, coiled and ready for fight. My mother in horror ran to the door and called Mr. Lewis Dunham, a lawyer, who lived in the house now occupied by R. M. Matson, Esq.. Mr. Dunham came on a run, and tried to catch or kill the snake with our "tongs," but it made good its escape through a big hole in the corner of the cupboard. Reptiles, such as black, rattle, house and other snakes were very plenty then in and around Brookville, and dangerous, too.

In a former article I called Brookville a town of shanties. And so it was; but there was one exception, there was one solid building, a dwelling occupied by a man named Bliss, on Water street, on or near the lot at present owned and occcupied by Billy Barr. It was built of logs. The other shanties were solid enough, for they were built in a different manner from shanties now, being put together with "frame timbers," mortised and tenoned, and fastened with oak pins, as iron and nails were scarce, people being poor and having little or no money. Every building had to have a "raising," and the neighbors had to be invited to help "raise." Cyrus Butler, a bluff, gruff Yankee, was the captain at all raisings. He would stand off by himself, crying out at the proper time, "All together, men, he-o-he, he-o-he."

No dwelling in the town was then complete without having in the back yard an "out oven, an "ash hopper," a "dye kettle," and a rough box fastened to the second story of the necessary, in which to raise early cabbage plants. At the rear of each kitchen was a hop vine with its pole, and each family raised its own catnip, peppermint, sage and tansy.

The hand of the reaper
Takes the leaves that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

In 1840 there was a law requiring the enrollment of all able bodied men between 21 and 45 years of age in the militia. These were formed into companies and battalions, and organized into brigades, each brigade to meet once a year in "encampment," for a period of three days, two days for "muster and drill," and one day for "review." The encampments were held in May or June, and for some reason or other these soldiers were called the "corn stalk militia." No uniforms were worn in most cases. The soldier wore his home-spun or store clothes and each one reported with his own pike, wooden gun, rifle or musket, and under the inspiring influence of his accoutrements, discipline and drill,

Each bosom felt the high alarms
And all their burning pulses beat to arms.

For non-attendance by a soldier at these encampments a fine of fifty cents was imposed for every day's absence. This fine had to be paid in cash, and was quite a severe penalty in those days of no money, county orders, and store barter.

The first encampment I remember was held on what is now called Granger (Jack) Heber's farm. Brig. Gen. Mercer was the commander then. He rode a sorrel horse, with a silver mane and tail, and a curled mustache. His bridle was ornamented with fine leather straps, balls and tassels, and the blue saddle cloth was covered with stars and spangles, giving the horse the appearance of a "fiery dragon." The General would occasionally dismount, to make some inspection on foot, when the army was drawn up in line, and then a great race, and frequently a fight, would occur among the small boys, for the possession of the horse. The reward for holding him at this time was a "fippenybit." The camp grounds were alive with whisky sellers, ginger bread and small beer dealers. Whisky was to be had from barrels or jugs, in large or small quantities. When the army was in line it was dealt out to the soldiers from a bucket with a dipper. Anybody could sell whisky and anybody could drink it. It was worth from 12 to 20 cents a gallon. The more brawls and fist-fights, the livelier, better and greater was considered the muster. The bad blood between neighbors was always settled here. Each party always resolved to meet the other on review day, to fight it out, and after the fight to meet, drink together and make up their difference. "Pugilism was practiced in that day, not on scientific principles, but by main strength. The terror of all public gatherings was a man called "Devil John Thompson." He lived in Indiana county, and came here always on reviews. Each military company had a fifer or drummer, seldom a complete band. I have seen the late Judge Taylor blowing his fife, the only musician of and for one of these companies. This occurred on Main street, in front of our house; and when I look back on this soldier scene, it seems to me these soldiers, from their appearance, must have been composed of the rag-tag and bob tail of creation. An odd and comic sight it really was. To be an officer or captain in one of these companies was considered a great honor, and something which the recipient was in duty bound to thank God for in his morning and evening prayers. I cannot do this subject justice. Such was the Pennsylvania militia as I saw it, and all that remains for me to say is, "Great the State and great her sons."

In 1840 we had two big men in the town, Judge William Jack, who was sent to Congress, and who built and lived in the house on Pickering street, now owned and occupied by Joseph Darr, Esq., and Gen. Levi G. Clover, who lived on Main street, in a house that was burned down, which stood on the lot now owned by Mrs. Clarissa Clements, and is the place of business of Misses McLain and Fetzer. Clover was a big man physically, a big man in the militia, a big man in politics, and a big man in

business. Like most big men in those days he owned and ran a whisky still. This distillery was located on or near the property of Fred. Starr, in what is now Litchtown. I used to loaf occasionally in this distillery, and I have seen some of our old citizens take a pint tin cup and dip it full of whisky from out of Cloyer's copper kettles, and then drink this whole pint of whisky down apparently at one gulp. I might pause to say right here, that in drinking whisky, racing, square-pulling, swearing and fighting, the old settler was "right in it." The wrestling and fighting ground then for the men and boys was the ground now occupied by the Jenks machine shop, and the highway to and from these grounds was down the alley between Ed. Snyder's blacksmith shop and C. A. Carrier's store. I have had business on that ground with some boys myself.

In the woods in and around Brookville in 1840, there were many sweet singing birds and beautiful wild flowers. I remember the laurel. We used to adorn our mantels and parlor fireplaces with these every spring. I remember the honeysuckle, the wild rose, the crab-apple tree, the thorn, and others. The aroma from many of these flowers was delightful. House plants were unknown. The garden flowers of that day were the pink, ("a flower most rare,") the lilac, the hollyhock, the sunflower, and the rose. Each garden had a little bed of "sweet-williams" and johnny-jump-ups." The garden rose was a beautiful, sweet flower then, and it is a beautiful, sweet flower today—and it ever will be sweet and beautiful. My mother used to sing to me this song as a lullaby:

How fair is the rose, what a beautiful flower,
  In summer so fragrant and gay;
But its leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
  And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
  Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead and its fine colors lost,
  Still how sweet a perfume it will yield.

So frail are the youth and the beauty of men,
  Though they look gay, and bloom like the rose,
yet all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
  Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty
  Since both will soon wither and fade,
But gain a good name by performing my duty,
  This will seent like the rose when I'm dead.

In 1840 there was no church building in the town. Our Presbyterian preacher in the town was the Rev. David Polk, a cousin to President Polk. The token was then given out on Saturday to all those who were adjudged worthy to sit at the Lord's table. These tokens were taken up on the following Sunday while seated at the table. Friday was "fast," or preparation day. We were not allowed to eat anything, or very little, until the sun went down. I can only remember that I used to get hungry and long for night to come. Rev. Polk preached half of his time in Corsica, the other half in Brookville. He lived on the 'pike in the hollow beyond and west of Roseville. He preached in the court house until the Presbyterians completed the first church building in the town, in 1843. It stood where the church now stands, and was then outside of the borough limits. The building was erected through the efforts of a lawyer then residing in Brookville, named C. A. Alexander. The ruling elders of the church then were Thomas Lucas, John Matson, Sr., Elijah Clark, John Lattimer, Joseph McCullough, and John Wilson.

Other preachers came to town occasionally in 1840, and held their services in the court house. One jolly aged Welshman, was called Father Thomas. He was a Baptist, a dear old man, and a great singer. I always went to his church to hear him sing. I can sing some of his songs yet. I will repeat a stanza from one of his favorites:

Oh, then I shall be ever free,
  Happy in eternity,
Eternity, eternity,
  Happy in eternity.

Dear old soul, he is in eternity, and I have no doubt is happy singing his favorite song there.

A Methodist preacher named Elijah Coleman came here occasionally. Methodist headquarters were at David Henry's, and at Cyrus Butler's. The first Methodist prayer meeting held in town was at Cyrus Butler's. It was held in the little yellow house occupied for years by Mrs. Rachel Dixon, and torn down by C. C. Benscoter, Esq., in 1887, in order to erect his present dwelling.

The physicians in the town in 1840, were Dr. George Darling, father of the late Paul Darling, and Dr. Gara Bishop, father of Mrs. Edmund English. Dr. Bishop was also a Presbyterian preacher.

In 1840 Jefferson county contained a population of 7,253 people, and embraced nearly all of Forest and Elk counties. Ridgway was then in the northeast corner of our county, and Punxsutawney was a village of about fifteen or twenty dwellings.

The politics of the county was divided into Whig and Democrat. The leading Whigs in Brookville, as I recollect them, were Thomas Lucas, Esq., James Corbett, father of Col. Corbett, Benjamin McCreight, father of Mrs. Dr. Hunt, Thomas M. Barr, and Samuel H. Lucas. The leading Democrats were Hon. William Jack, Gen. L. G. Clover, Judge Joseph Henderson, John Smith, Daniel Smith, Jesse G. Clark, father of Judge Clark, D. B. Jenks, John Dougherty, Richard Arthurs, and Thomas Hastings. Politics ran so high that year that each party had its own Fourth of July celebration. The Whigs celebrated at Port Barnett. Nicholas McQuiston, the miller who died at Langville a few years ago, had one of his legs broken at this celebration, by the explosion of a log which he had filled with powder. The Democrats celebrated in Brookville, in front of the Franklin Hotel, now the Central. I was big enough to have a full run and clear view of this table and celebration. The table was covered with small roasted pigs, roasted turkeys, venison, pies, ginger bread, "pound cake," etc. I was not allowed to participate in the feast, although my father in his lifetime had been a Democrat. Boys and girls were then taught modesty, patience and manners by parents. Children were taught and compelled to respect age, and to defer to the wishes of father and mother. Now the father and mother must defer to the wishes of children. There was more home and less public training of children, and as a result children had more modesty and patience, and less impudence. In 1840 children slept in "trundle beds," and were required by their mothers to repeat every night before going to sleep this little prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take

This home training was a constant building up of individual character, and I believe a much more effectual way for good than the present public way of building character collectively.

In 1840 our congressman was Judge Jack of Brookville, and our member of the legislature was Hon. James L. Gillis of Ridgway township, Jefferson county. The county officers were: Prothonotary, Gen. Levi G Clover; sheriff, John Smith; treasurer, Jesse G. Clark; commissioners, Daniel Coder, Irwin Robinson and Benjamin McCreight. The county was democratic by one hundred and twenty-five majority.

The postmaster in Brookville was John Dougherty, and Joseph Henderson was deputy U. S. marshal for Jefferson county. He took the census of 1840 for our county.

Of the above named politicians and officials, Judge Henderson is the only one now living. Every day yet the Judge can be found at his place of business, pleasant, cheerful and intelligent—a fine old gentle-

man. In his many political contests I always admired, defended and supported him. One thing I begin to notice, "he is not as young as he used to be."

Oh tell me the tales I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Oh sing me the old songs so full of cheer,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.

In 1840, we boys amused ourselves in the winter months by catching rabbits in box-traps—the woods were full of them—skating on Geer's pond, a small lake then, located where Allgeier's brewery now stands, (this lake was destroyed by the building of Mabon's millrace), skating on Barr's (now Litch's) dam, and coasting down the town or graveyard hill. In the summer and fall months the amusements were alley ball behind the court house, town ball, over ball, sock ball, fishing in the streams and in Geer's pond, riding floats of slabs on the creek, swimming in the "deep hole," and gathering blackberries, crab apples, wild plums, and black and yellow haws. But the amusement of all amusements, the one that was enjoyed every day in the year by the boys, was the cutting of firewood. The wood for heating and cooking was generally hauled in "drags" to the front door of each house on Main street, and there cut on the "pile" by the boys of each house. The gathering of hazel nuts, butternuts, hickory nuts and chestnuts, was an agreeable and profitable recreation. My boy associates of those days —where are they! I can only recall the following, who are now living in Brookville: David Eason, W. C. Evans, Dr. C. M. Matson, Thomas E. Espy, Thomas P. McCrea, Daniel Burns, Clover Smith, W. C. Smith and W. R. Ramsey. I understand John Craig, Fred. and Lewis Dunham, Elijah and Lorenzo Lowell, and Alex. Barr live in the State of Iowa, Richard Espy in Kentucky, and John L. and Anson Warren in Wisconsin.

In 1840 every housewife in Brookville cooked over a fireplace, in which a crane was fastened so as to swing in, out, off, on, and over the fire. Every fire-place had a wooden poker, a pair of tongs to handle burning wood, and a shovel to remove the ashes. The fuel used was wood—pine, maple, oak, birch and hickory. To every fire there had to be a "back log," and the smaller or front pieces were supported on "andirons," or common stones. Matches were not in use, hence fires were covered at night, so as to preserve some live coals for the morning fire. Rich people had a little pair of bellows to blow these live coals into a blaze, but poor people had to do the best they could with their mouths. After having nearly smoked my eyes out trying to blow coals into life, I have had to give it up and go to a neighbor to borrow a shovel of fire. Some old settlers used "spunk," a flint, and a barlow knife to start a fire in an emergency like this. When matches were first brought around great fear was entertained that they might burn everybody out of house and home. My mother secured a tin box with a safe lid to keep hers in. For some reason they were called locofoco matches.

The crane in the fireplace had a set of rods with hooks on each end, and they were graduated in length so as to hang the kettle at the proper height from the fire. In addition to the kettles we had the long-handled frying pan, the handle of which had to be supported by some one's hand, or else on a box or a chair. Then there was the three-legged, short-handled spider. It could support itself. And I must not forget the griddle for buckwheat cakes. It had to be suspended by a rod on the crane. Then there was the old bake-kettle, or oven, with legs and a closely fitted cover. In this was baked the "pone" for the family. I can say truthfully that pone was not used more than thirty days in the month.

This was a hard way to cook. Women would nearly break their backs lifting these heavy kettles on and off, burn their faces, smoke their eyes, singe their hair, blister their hands, and "scorch" their clothes.

Our spoons were pewter and iron, knives and forks were iron with bone handles. Otherwise the chinaware was about as it is now.

The every-day bonnet of women then was the "sun-bonnet" for summer, and a quilted "hood" for winter. The dress bonnet was made of paper or leghorn, and was in shape something like our coal scuttles.

In 1840 nearly every wife in Brookville milked a cow and churned butter. The cows were milked at the front door on Main street. Every wife caught water in barrels or tubs from the house roof to wash clothes and do the scrubbing with. Scrubbing the floors of a house had to be attended to regularly once a week. This scrubbing had to be done with powdered sand and a home-made "split broom." Every wife had to make her own soap, bake her own bread, sew and dye all the clothes for the family, spin the wool for and knit the mittens and socks, make the coverlets, quilt the quilts, see that the children's shoes for Sunday were greased with tallow every Saturday night, nurse the sick, give "sheep saffron" for the measles, and do all the cooking. About every family had a cow, dog, cat, pig, geese and chickens. The town gave these domestic animals the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Of course, under these sanitary conditions the town was alive with fleas, and every house was full of bedbugs. Bats were numerous, and the "public opinion" then was that the bats brought the bedbugs. This may be given as an illustration of the correctness of public opinion. However, we were contented and happy, and used to sing,

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

In 1840 there were doubtless many fine horses in Jefferson county, yet it seemed to me nearly every horse had stringhalt, ringbone, spavin, highstep, or pole-evil. Horses with pole-evil were numerous then, but the disease has apparently disappeared. It was an abscess on the horse's head, behind the ears, and was doubtless caused by cruelty to the animal. If a horse did not please his master in his work it was a common thing for his master to knock him down with a handspike, a rail, or the butt end of a blacksnake whip. Poor food and these blows undoubtedly caused this horrible disease. Sick horses were treated in a barbarous manner. When sick they were not allowed to lay down; hence they were whipped, run, and held upon their feet. I have seen horses held up with handspikes, rails, etc. The usual remedies were bleeding and drenching with filthy compounds. "Bots" was the almost unfailing disease.

The cattle were home stock, big horned, heavy bellied, and long legged. They could jump over almost anything, and could outrun the "devil and his imps." They were poorly fed, received little care, and had little or no stabling. In the spring it was common for cows to be on the "lift." The common trouble with cattle was "hollow horn," "wolf in the tail," and loss of "cud." These were little else than the results of starvation. I have witnessed consultations over a sick cow, when one man would declare positively she had hollow horn, and another declare just as positively it was wolf in the tail. After a spirited dispute they would compromise by agreeing to bore her horn and split her tail. If they had called it hollow belly and wolf in the stomach they would have been nearer the truth. A better remedy would have been a bucket of warm slop, a good stable, and plenty of hay. The remedy for "hollow horn" was to bore a gimlet hole in the horn near the head and then

saturate a cloth with spirits of turpentine and wrap it around the horn. The cure for wolf in the tail was to split the tail near the end with a knife, and fill the cut with salt and pepper. The cure for "lifts" was to call the neighbors, lift the cow to her feet, and prop her up so she could not lie down again. The cures for loss of "cud" were numerous and filthy. A "sure cure," and common, too, was to roll human excrement in dough and force it down the animal's throat. The same remedy was used for "founder." If the critter recovered the remedy was the right one; if it died the reason was the remedy had been used too late. Of course these conditions were all imaginary. They were only diseases resulting from exposure and want of nourishing food. A wild onion called "ramp," and a shrub called "tripwood," grew in the woods and were early in their appearance each spring. These, of which the cattle ate freely, were often their only dependence for food.

The hog of that time was a racer, and could outrun the average horse. His snort when startled was something terrible. He was of the "razor-back" variety, long bodied, long legged, and long snouted. By means of his snout he could plow through everything. Of course he was starved in the winter, like all the other animals, and his condition resulting from his starvation was considered a disease and called "black teeth." The remedy for this disease was to knock out the teeth with a hammer and a spike.

Ignorance was the cause of this cruelty to animals. To the readers of this article the things mentioned are astonishing. But I have only hinted at the barbarities then inflicted on these domestic animals, which had no rights which man was bound to respect. Not until 1866 was any effort made in this country to protect dumb animals from the cruelty of man. In that year Henry Berg organized the American society in New York, and to-day the movement is felt throughout a great portion of the world. In 1890 there were 547 societies in existence for the prevention of cruelty to animals, 223 of them in the United States. The work of humane organizations is not a matter of mere sentiment. "The economic necessity for the existence of societies having for their object the better care and protection of animals, becomes manifest when it is considered that our industries, our commerce, and the supply of our necessities and comforts depend upon the animal world. In the United States alone, it is estimated that there are 14,000,000 horses valued at $979,000,000. There are also 2,330,000 mules, 16,000,000 milk cows, 36,800,000 oxen and other cattle, 44,000,000 sheep and 50,000,000 swine. The total domestic animals in 1890 were estimated at 165,000,000, valued at over $2,400,000,000." To-day every good citizen gives these humane societies or their agents his support, and almost every one is against the man or men who in any way abuse dumb beasts.

Along about 1840 the winters were very severe and long, much more so than now. Regularly every fall, commencing in November,

> Soft as the eider down,
> Light as the spider gown,
> Came the beautiful snow, till
> Over the meadow lots,
> Over our garden plots,
> Over the ponds and the lakes,
> Lay only beautiful flakes.
> Then with this snowing,
> Puffing and blowing,
> Old Boreas came bellowing by,
> Till over the byways,
> And over the highways
> The snow-drifts were ever so high.

The snow was several feet deep every winter. It came early and remained till late.

I have made frequent reference in these articles to the old court house. As I find

there is some confusion in regard to its size, and as I find our county history contains this error: "The court house, a one-story brick building, was finished in 1832," I deem it of sufficient importance to correct these errors, and to state that the court house was a two-story building, with a one-story wing on the west extending along Main street. This wing was divided into two rooms, the first for the prothonotary's office and the other for the commissioners' office. The main building was two-storied, with an attic and belfry. The second story was divided into four good sized rooms, called jury rooms. The southwest room was used by the Methodists for a long time for their Thursday evening prayer meeting. Alex. Fullerton was their janitor. The Union Sunday school was held here for years also. The northwest room was used as an armory by the Brookville Rifles—a volunteer company. The other two were used as jury rooms. I have played in every room of the old building, and know every foot of it. The building cost three thousand dollars. The contractors were John Lucas and Robert P. Barr. It was torn down in 1866, to make room for the present fine structure. Our alley-ball games were all played for years behind the old court house.

Our first jail was a stone structure., built of common stone, in 1831. It was two stories high, was situated on the northeast corner of the public lot, near Joseph Darr's residence, and fronting on Pickering street. Daniel Elgin was the contractor. The building was divided into eight rooms, two down stairs and two up stairs for the jail proper, and two down stairs and two up stairs for the sheriff's residence and office. The sheriff occupied the north part. The early church services in this building were held in the jail part, up stairs. This old jail has a history, not the most pleasant to contemplate or write about. It was used to imprison runaway slaves, and to lodge them over night, by slave captors. Imprisoning men for no other crime than desiring to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness! There was a branch of the underground railroad for the escape of slaves running through Brookville at that time. As many as twenty-five of those unfortunate creatures have passed through Brookville in one day. Judge Heath, then living in our town—a great Methodist and an abolitionist—had to pay a fine of two thousand dollars for aiding two slaves to escape from this old stone jail, a big sum of money to pay for performing a christian, humane act. Was it not? In this stone jail men were imprisoned for debt, and kept in it until the last penny was paid. I have seen some of the best men of that day in our county imprisoned in this old jail for debt, or bail money. I have seen Thomas Hall, than whom I knew no better man, no better christian, an elder in the Presbyterian church, incarcerated in the old stone jail for bail money. He had bailed a relative for the sum of fifty dollars, and his relative let him suffer. Honest, big hearted, generous, christian Thomas Hall! Thank God that the day for such inhumanities as those stated above are gone forever. This old jail was rented, after the ne one was erected, and used as a butcher shop until it was torn down to make room for the present court house

In these days of fine carriages and Brookville wagons, it might be well to describe the wagon of 1840. It was called the Pennsylvania wagon, was wide tracked, and had wooden axles with iron skeins on the spindles. The tongue was stiff, and reached about three feet ahead of the horses. The horses were hitched to these wagons by iron trace and long-tongue chains. In rough roads I used to think every time the tongue would strike a horse on the leg it would break it. Old team horses understood this and would spread out to avoid these leg-

blows. The wheels were kept in place by means of an iron strap and lynch pin. Every wagon carried its own tar on the coupling pole under the hind axle. The carriage of that day was called a Dearborn wagon. I am unable to describe them, although I used to see them. The making of tar was one of the industries then. It retailed at 20 and 25 cents a gallon, and brought from three to four dollars a barrel at Pittsburgh. These old wagons would screch fearfully if they were not kept properly lubricated with this tar.

Big political conventions were held in those days, and a great custom was to have a young lady dressed in white to represent each of the different states, and have all these ladies in one wagon, which would be drawn by four or six horses.

In the hotels of that day the "bar" was constructed for the safety of the bartender. It was a solid structure with a counter in front, from which a sliding door on iron rods could be shoved up and locked, or shut down and locked; hence the hotel man could "bar" himself in and the drunken men out. This was for safety in dispensing whiskey, and is the origin of the word "bar" in connection with hotels. In 1840 all our hotel bars were so made.

Lumbering in 1840 was one of our principal industries. We had no eastern outlet, and everything had to be rafted to Pittsburgh. The saw mills were nearly all "up and down" mills. The "thunder gust" mills were those on small streams. All were driven by flutter wheels and water. It required usually but one man on one of these mills. He could do all the work and saw from one to two thousand feet of boards in twelve hours. Pine boards sold in the Pittsburgh market then at three and four dollars per thousand; clear pine at ten dollars per thousand. Of course these sales were on credit. The boards were rafted in the creek in "seven platform" pieces, by means of grubs. The oars were hung on what was called thole pins. The front of each raft had a bumper and splash-board as a protection in going over dams. The creeks then were full of short bends, rocks and drift. Cables were unknown here and a halyard made from hic ory withes was used as a cable to tie up with. "Grousers" were used to assist in tieing up. A pilot then received four dollars to the month, forehands two dollars and expenses. The logging in the woods was all done with oxen. The camp and mil boarding consisted of bread, flitch, beans, potatoes, or'eans molasses and sometimes a 'itt e butter and coffee or tea without cream. Woodsmen were paid sixteen dollars a month and boarded, and generally paid in store orders, or trade.

We usually had three floods on which to run this lumber, spring, June and fall At these times rafts were p'enty and people were scarce, and as time and tide wait for no man, so whenever a flood came everybody had to turn out and assist to run the rafts. The boy had to leave his schoo', the minister his pu'pit, the Dr. abandon his patients, the lawyer his briefs, the merchant his yardstic', the farmer his crops or seeding. And there was one great compensation in this, nearly everybody got to see Pittsburgh.

"Running do n the cree and gigging back" was the business language of everybody. How many trips have you made, &c. It took about twelve hours to run a raft from the neighborhood of Brookville to the mouth, or the Allegheny river, and ordinarily it required hard walking to reach home the next day. Some ambitious, industrious pilots would "run down in the day time and wal back the same night." James T. Carroll has made four of these trips in succession, Joseph Shobert five, and William Green four or five. Of course these pilots remained down the last night. This extraordinary labor was accomplished without ever going to bed. Although some may

be incredu ous, these are facts, as the parties interested are sti a ive. Pi ots sometimes ran a'l night. Joseph Shobert has started from Broo vi e at 5 o'c oc , p. m., and reached the mouth at 5 o'c oc , in the morning. Other pi ots have done this a so.

Pine square timber was ta' en out and mar'eted in Pittsburgh, No other timber was mar etab e, and then on'y the best part of the pine cou d be hewed and rafted. Often but one stic wou d be used from a tree. In Pittsburgh this timber brought from four to eight cents a foot, running measure.

The lumbermen could contract with hewers for the cutting, scoring and hewing of pine timber, complete, ready to be hauled, for from ¾ to 1¼ cents per foot. All timber was generally well faced on one side, and was rafted with lash-poles of ironwood or whiteoak, and securely fastened in position by means of whiteoak bows and ash pins. Bows and pins were an article of merchandise then. Bows sold at 75 cents a hundred and ash pins brought 50 cents a hundred. Grubs for board rafts sold at two dollars and fifty cents a hundred. Oar stems were then made from small sapling dead pines, shaved down. Pine timber, or wild lands, could then be bought at from one dollar to two dollars per acre.

As there has been considerable agitation over my paragraph on poll-evil in horses, I reprint here a slip that has been sent me:

AN OLD-TIME CURE FOR POLL-EVIL.

ED. SPIRIT:—I am moved by your quotation from Dr. McKnight's article in the Brookville DEMOCRAT on the old-time nonsense in relation to poll-evil in horses to say that the Doctor's explanation of the cause of that severe affliction on the poor brute's head, is in part correct; but it was mainly owing to the low doorways and the low mow timbers just above the horse's head as he stood in the stall of the old-time log stables. The horse often struck his head on the lintel of the low doorway as he passed in and out; and as he stood in the stall, when roughly treated by his master, in throwing up his head it came in violent contact with the timbers, and continued bruising resulted ultimately in the fearful, painful abscesses referred to. There were those in that day who had reputations for skill in the cure of poll-evil, and their method was this: The afflicted animal must be brought to the doctor before the break of day. An ax was newly ground. The doctor must not speak a word to any person on any subject after the horse was given into his hand until the feat was performed. Before sunrise the doctor took the ax and the horse and proceeded out of sight of any human habitation, going toward the east. When such a spot was reached, he turned toward the animal, bent down its head firmly and gently, drew the sharpened blade of the ax first lengthwise, then crosswise of the abscess sufficiently to cause the blood to flow, muttering meanwhile some mystic words; then, just below where the head of the horse was, he struck the bloody ax in the ground, left it there, turned immediately around, walked rapidly away, leading the animal, and not at all looking back until he had delivered it into the hand of the owner, who was waiting at a distance to receive it, and who took it home at once. The next morning at sunrise the ax was removed, and in due time the cure was effected. AN OLD-TIMER.

Smicksburg, Pa., September 7.

The first known person to live within the confines of the present borough was Jim Hunt, an Indian of the Muncy tribe. He was here as early as 1797, and was in banishment for killing a warrior of his own tribe. By an Indian law he was not allowed to live in his tribe until the place of the warrior he had slain was filled by the capture of another male from white people or from other Indians. In 1808,

Jim's friends stole a white boy in Westmoreland county, Pa., and had him accepted into the tribe in place of the warrior Jim had killed. Jim Hunt's residence, or cave, was near the deep hole, or near the Sand Spring, on Sandy Lick, and was discovered in 1843 by Mr. Thomas Graham. After 1812 Jim Hunt never returned. He was a great bear hunter, having killed 78 in one winter. He loved "fire water," and all his earnings went for this beverage; yet he never dared to get so drunk he could not run to his cave when he heard a peculiar Indian whoop on Mill creek hills. His Indian enemies pursued him and his Indian friends looked after him and warned him to flee to his hiding place by a peculiar whoop.

The first white person to settle in what is now Brookville was Moses Knapp. He built a log house about 1801, at the mouth of North Fork creek, on ground now owned by Thomas L. Templeton, near Christ's brewery. The first white child born within the limits of what is now Brookville, was Joshua Knapp, on Mr. Templeton's lot, at the mouth of the North Fork, in the month of March, 1810. He is still living, in Pinecreek township, about 2 miles from the town. About 1806 or 1807, Knapp built a log gristmill where the waters of North Fork then entered into Redbank. It was a rude mill, and had but one run of *rock* stones. In 1818 he sold this mill to Thos. Barnett. James Parks, Barnett's brother-in-law, came to run this mill about 1824, (Barnett having died), and lived here until about 1830. Parks came from Westmoreland county, Pa., and brought with him and held in legal slavery here a negro man named "Sam.," who was the *first* colored person to live in what is now called Brookville.

Joseph B. Graham, Esq., of Eldred township, informs me that he carried a grist on horseback to this mill of one half bushel of shelled corn for this Sam. to grind. Mr. Graham says his father put the corn in one end of the bag and a big stone in the other end to balance the corn. That was the custom, but the 'squire says they did not know any better. Joshua Knapp, Uriah Matson, and John Dixson, all took grists of corn and buckwheat to this mill for "Sam," the "miller," to grind.

Happy the miller who lives by the mill,
For by the turning of his hand he can do what he will.

But this was not so with "Sam." At his master's nod he could grind his own "peck of meal," for his body, his work, his life and his will belonged to Parks. Many settlers in early days carried corn to the grist mill on their own shoulders, or on the neck-yoke of a pair of oxen. I have seen both of these methods used by persons living ten and fifteen miles from a mill.

The census of 1830 gives Jefferson county a population of 2,003 whites, 21 free colored persons, and one colored slave. This slave we suppose was "Sam."

Brookville was laid out as the county seat in 1830, but it was not incorporated as a borough until April 9th, 1834. (See pamphlet laws of 1834, page 209.) The first election held in the new borough for officials was in the spring of 1835. Joseph Sharpe was elected constable. Darius Carrier and Alex. McKnight (my father) were elected school directors. The first complete set of borough officers were elected in 1835, and were as follows:

Burgess, Thomas Lucas; council, John Dougherty, James Corbett, John Pierce, Samuel Craig, Wm. A. Sloan; constable, John McLaughlin (this man McLaughlin was a great hunter, and could neither read nor write; he moved to Brockwayville and from there went west); School directors, Levi G. Clover, Samuel Craig, David Henry, C. A. Alexander, Wm. A. Sloan, James Corbett.

In 1840 the borough officers were:

Burgess, William Jack; council, Elijah Heath, John Gallagher, Cyrus Butler, Levi G. Clover, John Dougherty, Wm Rodgers; constable, John Dougherty.

Of these early fathers the only one now living is Maj. William Rodgers. He resides about a mile from town, on the Corsica road.

In 1840 the "itch" was in Brookville, and popular all the year round. As bathtubs were unknown, and family bathing rare, this itch was the seven year kind. Head lice among the people and in the schools were also common. Had I been familiar with Burns in my boyhood, many a time while seeing a louse crawl on and over a boy or girl in our schools I could have exclaimed,

O, Jenny, diuna toss your head
An' set your beauties a' abraed,
Ye little ken what cussed speed
The beast's a makin'.

The only cure for lice was to "rid" out the hair every few days with a big, coarse comb, crack the nits between the thumb nails, and then saturate the hair with "red precipity," using a fine-tooth comb. The itch was cured by the use of an ointment made of brimstone and lard. During school terms many children wore little sacks of powdered brimstone about their necks. This was supposed to be a preventative

In 1840 the only music books we had were "The Beauties of Harmony," and "The Missouri Harmony" Each of these contained the old "buckwheat" notes of me, fa, sol, la. Every one could not afford one of these books Music teachers traveled through the county and taught classes. A class was twenty-six scholars, a term thirteen nights, and the tuition fee fifty cents for each scholar Teachers used "tuning forks," and some played a violin in connection with the class singing The teacher opened the singing by exhorting the class to "sound your pitches: "Sol, fa, la"

In 1840 Billy Boo, an eccentric, intelligent hermit, lived in a hut on the farm in Rose township now occupied by William Hughey. Although he lived in this hut he spent most of his wakeful hours in Brookville. He was a man of good habits, and all that he would tell, or any one could learn of him or his nativity, was that he came from England He was about 5 feet 5 or 6 inches high, heavy set, and stooped shouldered He usually dressed in white flannel clothes Sometimes his clothing, from being darned so much, looked as if it had been quilted He lived upon the charity of the people, and by picking up a few pennies for some light gardening jobs He died as a charge on Brookville borough in 1863.

Indian relics were found frequently on our hills and in our valleys in 1840 They consisted of stone tomahawks, darts, arrows and flints

Prior to and during 1840 a form of legalized slavery was practiced in this state and county, in regard to minor children Poor or destitute children were "bound out," or indentured, by the poor overseers, to masters or mistresses, boys until they were 21 years of age and girls until they were 18 Parents exercised this privilege also All apprentices were then bound to mechanics to learn trades. The period of this indenture was three years The law was severe on the children, and in favor of the master or mistress Under these conditions cruelties were practiced, and children and apprentices tried to escape them Of course there were bad children who ran away from kind masters and mistresses The master or mistress usually advertised these runaways I have seen many of these in our papers. I reprint one of these advertisements, taken from the *Gazette and Columbian*, published by J Croll & Co, at Kittanning, Armstrong county, Pa, on August 8, 1832.

$5 Reward.

RUN away from the subscriber living in the borough of Kittanning, on the 22d inst., an indented apprentice to the Tailoring business, named Henry P. Huffman, between 18 or 19 years of age, stout made and black hair, had on when he went away a light cotton roundabout, and pantaloons of the same, and a new fur hat. Whoever apprehends the said runaway and delivers him to the subscriber in Kittanning shall receive the above reward.

Kittanning, July 25, 1832. John Williams.

In the 40's the election for State officers was held on the 2d Tuesday of October of each year, and in the absence of telegraphs, railroads, etc, it took about four weeks to hear any definite result from an election, and then the result was published with a tail to it—"Pike, Potter, McKean and Jefferson to hear from" It is amusing to recall the reason usually given for a defeat at these elections by the unsuccessful party. It was this: "The day was fine and clear, a good day for threshing buckwheat; therefore our voters failed to turn out." The editor of the defeated party always published this poetic stanza for the consolation of his friends:

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amidst her worshipers.

In a presidential contest we never knew the result with any certainty until the 4th of March, or inauguration day.

In 1840, according to the census, the United States contained a population of 17,062,666 people, of which 2,487,113 were slaves. The employments of the people were thus divided: Agriculture, 3,717,756; commerce, 117,575; manufactures and trades, 791,545; navigating the ocean, 56,025; navigating rivers, canals, &c., 33,067; mining, 15,203; learned professions, 65,236.

The Union then consisted of twenty-six States, and we had 223 congressmen. The ratio of population for a congressman was 70,680. In this computation five slaves would count as three white men, although the slaves were not allowed to vote. Our territories were populated thus: District of Columbia, 43,712; Florida, 54,477; Wisconsin, 30,945; Iowa, 43,112. The chief cities and towns were thus populated:

New York	312,710	Louisville	21,210
Philadelphia	228,691	Pittsburgh	21,115
Baltimore	102,313	Lowell	20,796
New Orleans	102,193	Rochester	20,191
Boston	93,393	Richmond	20,133
Cincinnati	46,338	Buffalo	18,210
Brooklyn	35 234	Newark	17,293
Albany	33,721	St. Louis	16,469
Charleston	29,261	Portland	15,218
Washington	23,364	Salem	16,083
Providence	23,171	Brookville	276

Household or family goods were produced in 1840 to the amount of $29,230,380.

Total amount of capital employed in manufactures, $267,726,579.

The whole expenses of the Revolutionary war were estimated, in specie, at $135,-193,703.

In 1840 it was the custom for newspapers to publish in one of their issues, after the adjournment of the legislature, a complete list by title of all the enactments of that session.

In 1840 "shingle weavers" brought their shingles to Brookville to barter. A shingle weaver was a man who did not steal timber; he only went into the pine woods and there cut the clearest and best tree he could find, and hauled it home to his shanty in blocks, and there split and shaved the blocks into shingles He bartered his shingles in this way: He would first have his gallon or two gallon jug filled with whisky, then take several pounds of Baltimore plug tobacco, and then have the balance coming to him apportioned in New Orleans molasses, flitch and flour. Many a barter of this kind have I billed when acting as clerk.

Timothy Pickering & Co., Leroy & Linklain, Welhelm Willink, Jeremiah Parker, Holland Land Co., Robert Morris, Robert Gilmore, William Bingham, John Nicholson, Dr. William Cathcart, Dr. James Hutchison, and a few others owned about all the land in Jefferson county. This goes

a great length to disprove the demagogery you hear so much nowadays about the few owning and gobbling up all the land. How many people own a piece of Jefferson county to-day?

In 1840 the only newspaper published in Jefferson county, was the *Backwoodsman*, published in Brookville by Thomas Hastings & Son. Captain John Hastings, who is still living in Punxsutawney, was the Son. The terms of this paper were one dollar and seventy-five cents in advance, two dollars if paid within the year, and two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. Hastings & Son sold the paper to William Jack. Jack rented the paper to a practical printer by the name of Geo. F. Humes, who continued the publication until after the October election, in 1843, when he announced in an editorial that his patrons might go to h—ll and he would go to Texas. Barton T. Hastings then bought and assumed control of the paper, and published it until 1846 as the Brookville *Jeffersonian*. Mr. Hastings is still living in Brookville.

I reprint here a large portion of the proceedings of an old-time celebration of the Fourth of July in 1843, in Brookville. We copy from the *Backwoodsman*, dated August 1st, 1843, then edited by Geo. F. Humes. The editorial article in the *Backwoodsman* is copied entire. The oration of D. S. Deering, all the regular toasts, and part of the volunteer toasts are omitted because of their length. Editor Humes's article was headed,

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The citizens of Brookville, and vicinity, celebrated the 67th anniversary of American Independence in a spirited and becoming manner. The glorious day was ushered in by the firing of cannon and ringing of bells. At an early hour the "Independent Greens," commanded by Captain Hugh Brady, formed into parade order, making a fine appearance, and marched through the principal streets, cheering and enlivening the large body of spectators, whose attention appeared to be solely drawn to their skillful rehearsals of military tactics; and, after spending some time in a course of drilling, joined the large assembly, without distinction of party or feeling, under the organization and direction of John McCrea, Esq., president of the day; and Samuel B. Bishop and Col. Thomas Wilkins, marshals; when they proceeded to the court house, where the Declaration of Independence was read in a clear and impressive tone by L. B. Dunham, Esq., after which David S. Deering, Esq., delivered an address very appropriate to the occasion, touching with point and pathos upon the inducements which impelled our fathers to raise the flag of war against the mother country. The company then formed into line, and proceeded to the hotel of Mr. George McLaughlin, at the head of Main street, where they sat down to a well-served, delicious and plentiful repast, the ladies forming a smiling and interesting "platoon" on one side of the table, which added much to the hilarity of the celebration. After the cloth was removed, and the president and committees had taken their seats, a number of toasts applicable to the times, and as varied in sentiment as the ages of the multitude, were offered and read, accompanied by repeated cheering and a variety of airs from the brass band—thus passing the day in that union and harmony so characteristic of Americans. It was indeed a "Union celebration."

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By John McCrea.—Our Brookville Celebration—A union of parties, a union of feeling, the union established by our revolutionary fathers of '76—may union continue to mark our course until time shall be no more.

By W. W. Corbet.—Liberty, regulated by law, and law by the virtues of American legislators.

By Wm. B. Wilkins.—Henry Clay—A man of tried principles, of admitted competency, and unsullied integrity—may he be the choice of the people for the next presidency in 1844.

By Evans R. Brady.—The Democrats of the Erie District—A *form, locked up* in the *chase* of disorganization; well *squabbled* at one side by the awkward formation of the district. If not *locked tight* by the *sidesticks* of regular nominations, *well driven* by the *quoins* of unity, and *knocked in* by the *sheep's foot* of pure principles, it will be *battered* by the *points* of whiggery, bit by the *frisket* of self-interest; and when the *foreman* comes to *lift it* on the second Tuesday of October, will stand a fair chance to be *knocked* into *pi*

By Michael Woods.—Richard M. Johnston of Kentucky—A statesman who has been long and thoroughly tried, and never found wanting; his nomination for the next presidency will still the angry waves of political strife, and the great questions which now agitate the nation will be settled upon democratic principles.

By Hugh Brady.—They Citizens of Jefferson County—They have learned their political rights by experience; let them practice the lesson with prudence.

By B. T. Hastings.—The Hon. James Buchanan—The Jefferson of Pennsylvania, and choice for the presidency in 1844; his able and manly course in the United States Senate on all intricate and important subjects entitles him to the entire confidence and support of the whole democracy.

By Andrew Craig. — Henry Clay—A worthy and honest statesman, who has the good of his country at heart, and is well qualified to fill the presidential chair.

By A. Hutcheson.—American Independence—A virtuous old maid, sixty-eight years old to-day. God bless her.

By David S. Deering.—The Declaration of Independence—A rich legacy, bequeathed us by our ancestors; may it be transmitted from one generation to another, until time shall be no more.

By the Company.—The Orator of the Day, David S. Deering—May his course through life be as promising as his commencement.

By D. S. Deering.—The Mechanics of Brookville—Their structures are enduring monuments of skill, industry and perseverance.

By George F. Humes.—The American Union—A well adjusted *form* of *twenty-six pages*, fairly *locked up* in the *chase* of precision by the *quoins* of *good workmen;* may their *proof sheets* be *well pointed*, and their regular *impressions* a perfect *specimen* for the world to look upon.

By John Hastings.—James Buchanan—The able defender of the rights of the people, and the *high wages* candidate for the presidency in 1844; his elevation to that post is now without a doubt.

In 1840 the mails were carried on horseback or in stage coaches. Communications of news, business or affection were slow and uncertain. There were no envelopes for letters. Each letter had to be folded so as to leave the outside blank, and one side smooth, and the address was written on this smooth side. Letters were sealed with red wafers, and the postage was $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents for every hundred miles, or fraction thereof, over which it was carried in the mails. The postage on a letter to Philadelphia was $18\frac{3}{4}$ cents, or three "fippenny bits." You could mail your letter without prepaying the postage, (which was a great advantage to economical people), or you could prepay it at your option. Postage stamps were unknown. When you paid the postage the postmaster stamped on the letter "Paid." When the postage was to be paid by the person addressed the postmaster marked on it the amount due, thus· "Due $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents."

House furniture was then meager, and rough. We had split-bottom chairs, and rope-corded bedsteads. There were no window blinds, and but few carpets. Well-to-do people whitewashed their ceilings and rooms. No papering was done. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup and baby carriages were unknown. Food was scarce, coarse, and of the most common kind, with no canned goods or evaporated fruits. Tomatoes were not eaten, and neither ice nor refrigerators were known in domestic life No napkins were used, no machine-made pins, and no blotting paper. There were no analine dyes, no electric lights, no anesthetics and painless surgery, no gun cotton, no nitroglycerine, pneumatic tubes, or type writers, no cooling soda water, or ice cream, and no garden hose. There were no planting machines, no mower or reaper, no hay rake or hay fork, no corn sheller, no rotary printing press, no sewing maching, no India rubber coats, or shoes, no grain elevator except man, no artificial ice, no steel pens, no telegraph or telephone, no street cars, no steam mills, no daguerreotypes or photographs, no steam plows, no steam thresher —only the old flail. No ocean steamships, no elevated railroads, no ocean cables, no phonographs, no steam fire engines, no audiphones, no electric motors, no electro-plating, no vestibule cars, and not half a dozen millionaires in the United States. Pitch-pine knots, tallow dipped candles burned in iron or brass candlesticks, or on blocks of wood with nails driven in them so as to hold the candle, and whale oil burned in iron lamps, were the means for light in stores, dwellings, etc. And most of the great discoveries of the last fifty years were either made or perfected by Americans.

In 1840 nearly half of our American people could neither read nor write, and less than half of them had the opportunity or inclination to do so. Newspapers were small affairs, and the owners of them were poor, and their business unprofitable.

The candles used in our houses were either "dips" or "moulds." The "dips" were made by twisting and doubling a number of cotton wicks upon a round, smooth stick at a distance from each other of about the desired thickness of the candle. Then they were dipped into a kettle of melted tallow, when the ends of the sticks were hung on the backs of chairs to cool. The dipping and cooling process was thus repeated till the "dips" attained the proper thickness. This work was done after the fall butchering. "Moulds" were made in tin or pewter tubes, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 or 12 in a frame, joined together, the upper part of the frame forming a trough, into which the moulds opened, and from which they received the melted tallow. To make the candles, as many wicks as there were tubes were doubled over a small round stick placed across the top of the frame, and these wicks were passed down through the tubes and fastened at the lower end. Melted tallow was poured into the trough at the top till all the tubes were filled. The moulds were usually allowed to stand over night before the candles were "drawn." The possession of a set of candle moulds by a family was an evidence of some wealth. These candles were burned in "candlesticks," made of tin, iron or brass, and each one had a broad, flat base, turned up around the rim to catch the grease. Sometimes, when the candle was exposed to a current of air, it would "gutter" all away. A pair of "snuffers," made of iron or brass, was a necessary article in every house, and had to be used frequently to cut away the charred or burned wick. Candles sold in the stores at 12 to 15 cents per pound One candle was the number usually employed to read or write by, and two were generally deemed sufficient to light a store—one to carry around to do the selling by, and the other to stand on the desk to do the charging by.

Watches were rare, and clocks were not numerous in 1840. The watches I remember seeing in those days were "English levers," and "cylinder escapements," with some old "bull eyes." The clocks in use were of the eight-day sort, with works of wood, run by weights instead of springs. Somewhere along in the forties clocks with brass works, called the "brass clock," came into use. A large majority of people were without "timepieces." Evening church services were announced thus: "There will be preaching in this house on —— evening, God willing, and no preventing providence, at early candle-lighting."

In 1840 the judge of our court was Alexander McCalmont, of Franklin, Venango county. Our associate judges from 1841 to 1843 were James Winslow and James L. Gillis. Our local or home lawyers were Hugh Brady, Cephas J. Dunham, Benj. Bartholamew, Caleb A. Alexander, L. B. Dunham, Richard Arthurs, Elijah Heath, D. B. Jenks, Thomas Lucas, D. S. Deering, S. B. Bishop, and Jesse G. Clark. Many very eminent lawyers from adjoining counties attended our courts regularly at this period. They usually came on horseback, and brought their papers, &c., in large leather saddlebags. Most of these foreign lawyers were very polite gentlemen, and very particular not to refuse a "drink."

Elijah Graham was our first court crier, but I think Cyrus Butler served in this capacity in 1840.

In 1840 there was no barber shop in the town. The tailors then cut hair, &c., for the people as an accommodation. My mother used to send me for that purpose to McCreight's tailor shop. The first barber to locate in Brookville was a colored man named Nathan Smith. He barbered and ran a confectionery and oyster saloon. He lived here for a number of years, but finally turned preacher and moved away. Some high old times occurred in his back room, which I had better not mention here. He operated on the Major Rodgers lot, now the Eddleblute property.

Then "Hollow Eve," as it was called, was celebrated regularly on the night of the 31st of October every year. The amount of malicious mischief and destruction that was done on that evening in Brookville, and patiently suffered and overlooked, is really indescribable.

The first exclusively drug store in Brookville was opened and managed by D. S. Deering, Esq., in 1849. It was located in a building where McKnight & Bro's building now stands, on the spot where McKnight & Son carry on their drug business. The first exclusively grocery store in Brookville was opened and owned by W. W. Corbet, and was located in the east room of the American Hotel. The first exclusively hardware store in the town was opened and owned by John S. King, now of Clearfield, Pa. Brookville owes much to the sagacity of Mr. King for our beautiful cemetery.

In the forties, the boring of pitch pine into pump logs was quite a business in Brookville. One of the first persons to work at this was Charles P. Merriman, who moved here from the East. By the way, Merriman was the greatest snare-drummer I ever heard. He also manufactured and repaired drums while here. He had a drum-beat peculiarly his own, and with it he could drown out a whole band. He introduced his beat by teaching drumming schools. It is the beat of the Bowdishes, the Bartletts, and the Schnells. It consists of single and double drags. I never heard this beat in the army or in any other locality than here, and only from persons who had directly or indirectly learned it from Merriman. Any old citizen can verify the marvelous and wonderful power and skill of Merriman with a drum. No pupil of his here ever ap-

proached him in skill. The nearest to him was the late Capt. John Dowling of the 105th Regiment, Pa. Vols. It was the custom then for the different bands in the surrounding townships to attend the Fourth of July celebrations in Brookville. The Monger band, father and sons, from Warsaw township, used to come. They had a peculiar, open beat, that old Mr. Monger called the 1812 beat. The Belleview band came also. It was the Campbell band, father and sons. Andrew C. and James, after going through the war, are still able on our public occasions to enliven us with martial strains. The Lucas band, from Dowlingville, visited us also in the forties. Brookville had a famous fifer, in the person of Harvey Clover. He always carried an extra fife in his pocket, because he was apt to burst one. When he "blowed" the fife you would have thought the devil was in it sure.

In 1840 the town had water works—the enterprise of Judge Jared B. Evans. The spring that furnished the water was what is now known as the American Spring. The conduit pipes were bored yellow pine logs, and the plant was quite expensive, but owing to some trouble about the tannery, which stood on the spot where the American barn now stands, the water plant was destroyed. Judge Evans was a useful citizen. He died some three years ago.

In 1840 ths church collection was either taken up in a hat with a hankerchief in it, or in a little bag attached to a pole.

H. Clay Campbell, Esq., has kindly furnished me the legal rights of married women in Pennsylvania from 1840 until the present date. The common law was adopted by Pennsylvania, and has governed all rights except those which may have been modified from time to time by statute. Blackstone's Commentaries, Book 1, page 442, says: By marriage, the husband and wife are one person in law; that is, the very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage, or at least is incorporated and consolidated into that of her husband—under whose wing, protection and cover she performs everything.

You see the rights surrendered by a woman marrying under the common law were two: First, the right to make a contract; second, the right to property and her own earnings. To compensate for this she acquired *one right*—the right to be chastised. For as the husband was to answer for her misbehavior, the law thought it reasonable to intrust him with the power of restraining her, by domestic chastisement, with the same moderation that a man is allowed to correct his apprentice or children

In 1840 married women had no right to the property bequeathed to them by their parents, unless it was put into the hands of a trustee, and by marriage the husband became the immediate and absolute owner of the personal property of the wife, which she had in possession at the time of marriage, and this property could never again revert to the wife or her representatives. She could acquire no personal property during marriage by industry, and if she obtained any by gift or otherwise, it became immediately by and through the law the property of her husband. This condition prevailed until the passage of an act, dated 11th of April, 1848, which in some slight degree modified this injustice of the common law. By that act it was provided that all property which belonged to her before marriage, as well as all that might accrue to her afterwards, should remain her property. Then came another modification by the act of 1855, which provided among other things, that "whenever a husband, from drunkenness, profligacy, or other cause, shall neglect or refuse to provide for his wife, she shall have the rights and privileges secured to a *feme-sole* trader under the act of 1718." Modifications have been

made from year to year, granting additional privileges to a wife to manage her own property, among which may be noted the act of 1871, enabling her to sell and transfer shares of the stock of a railroad company. By the act of May, 1874, she may draw checks upon a bank. During all these years of enlightenment the master has still held the wife in the toils of bondage, and it was with great grudging that he acknowledged that a married woman had the right to claim anything. The right to the earnings of the wife received its first modification when the act of April, 1872, was passed, which granted to the wife, if she went into court, and the court granted her petition, the right to claim her earnings. But legally the wife remained the most abject of slaves until the passage of the "married woman's personal property act" of 1887, giving and granting to her the right to contract and acquire property; and it was not until 1893 that she was granted the same rights as an unmarried woman, excepting as to her right to convey her real estate, make a mortgage, or become bail

The higher education of women in the seminary and college is of American origin, and in 1840 there was an occasional young ladies' seminary here and there throughout the country. These isolated institutions were organized and carried on by scattered individuals who had great persistency and courage. Being of American origin its greatest progress has been here, and at present there are more than 200 institutions for the superier education of women in the United States, and fully one half of these bear the name of college. The women who graduate to-day from colleges and high schools outnumber the men, and as a result of this mental discipline and training women are now found throughout the world in every profession, in all trades, and in every vocation,

Preferring sense from chin that's bare
To nonsense 'throned in whisker'd hair.

Women are now admitted to the bar in nine different States of the Union, and by an act of Congress she may now practice before the United States supreme court.

In 1840 women had but one vocation for a livelihood, viz. marriage and housekeeping. Then female suffrage was unknown. To-day women vote on an equality with men in two states, Colorado and Wyoming, and they can vote in a limited form in twenty other states and territories.

In 1840 women had no religions rights. She did not dare to speak, teach or pray in public, and if she desired any knowledge in this direction she was admonished to ask her husband at home. The only exception I know to this rule was in the Methodist church, which from its organization has recognized the right of women to teach, speak in class meetings, and to pray in the public prayer meeting

In 1840 women had no industrial rights. I give below a little abstract from the census of 1880, fourteen years ago, which will show what some of our women were working at then and are working at now :

FEMALE WORKERS.

Artists, 2,016; authors, 320; assayists, chemists and architects, 2,136; barbers, 2,902; dressmakers, 281,928; doctors, 2,433; journalists, 238; lawyers, 75; musicians, 13,181; preachers, 165; printers, 3,456; tailors, 52,098; teachers, 194,375; nurses, 12,294; stockraisers, 216; farmers, 56,809; in government employ as clerks, 2,171; managing commercial and industrial interests, 14,465. And now in 1894 we have 6,000 postmistresses, 10,500 women have secured patents for inventions, and 300,000 women are in gainful occupations. I confess that this statement looks to the intelligent mind as though "the hand that rocks the cradle" will soon not only move but own the world.

The earliest schools established by the settlers of Pennsylvania, were the home school, the church school, and the public subscription school, the most simple and primitive in style. The subscription or public school remained in force until the law of 1809 was enacted, which was intended for a State system, and which provided a means of education for the poor, but retained the subscription character of pay for the rich. This 1809 system remained in force until 1834. The method of hiring "masters" for a subscription school was as follows: A meeting was called by public notice in a district. At this gathering the people chose, in their own way, three of their number to act as a school committee. This committee hired the master and exercised a superintendence over the school. The master was paid by the patrons of the school, in proportion to the number of days each had sent a child to school. A rate bill was made out by the master and given to the committee, who collected the tuition money and paid it to the master. The terms of these schools were irregular, but usually were for three months.

The studies pursued were spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic. The daily programme was two or four reading lessons, two spelling lessons—one at noon and one at evening—the rest of the time being devoted to writing and doing "sums" in arithmetic. It was considered at that time (and even as late as my early schooling) that it was useless and foolish for a girl to learn more at school than to spell, read and write. Of course there was no uniformity in text books. The child took to the school whatever book he had, hence there was, and could be, no classification. Blackboards were unknown. When any information was wanted about a "sum," the scholar either called the master or took his book and went to him.

The first school master in Jefferson county was John Dixon. His first term was for three months, and was in the year 1803 or 1804. The first school house was built on the Ridgway road, two miles from Brookville, on the farm now owned by D. B. McConnell. I give Prof. Blose's description of this school house:

"The house was built of rough logs, and had neither window sash nor pane. The light was admitted through chinks in the wall, over which greased paper was pasted. The floor was made with puncheons, and the seats from broad pieces split from logs, with pins in the under side, for legs. Boards laid on pins fastened in the wall furnished the pupils with writing desks. A log fireplace, the entire length of one end, supplied warmth when the weather was cold."

The era of these log school houses in Jefferson county is gone—gone forever. We have now school property to the value of $269,300.00. We have 196 modern school houses, with 262 school rooms, 295 schools, and the Bible is read in 251 of these. There is no more *master's* call in the school room, but we have 131 female and 149 male *teachers*—a total of 280 teachers in the county. The average yearly term is 6½ months. The average salary for male teachers is $39.50, and for female teachers $33. Total wages received by teachers each year, $64,913.20. Number of female scholars, 5,839; number of male scholars, 6,073. The amount of tax levied for school purposes is $56,688.23. Received by county from State appropriation, $42,759.72.

The act of 1809 made it the duty of assessors to receive the names of all children between the ages of five and twelve years, whose parents were unable to pay for their schooling, and these poor children were to be educated by the county. This law was very unpopular and the schools did not prosper. The rich were opposed to this

law because they paid all the tax bills, and the poor were opposed to it because it created a "caste" and designated them as paupers. However, it remained in force for about twenty-five years, and during this period the fight over it at elections caused many strifes, fueds, and bloody noses. This was the *first* step taken by the State to evolve our present free school system. The money to pay for the education of these "pauper" children was drawn from the county in this way: "The assessor of each borough or township returned the names of such indigent children to the county commissioners, and then an order was drawn by the commissioners on the county treasurer for the tuition money."

One of the most desirable qualifications in the early schoolmaster was courage, and willingness and ability to control and flog boys. Physical force was the governing power, and the master must possess it. Nevertheless, many of the early masters were men of intelligence, refinement, and scholarship. As a rule the Scotch-Irish master was of this class. Goldsmith describes the old master well:

> He was kindly, and if severe in aught,
> The love he bore to learning was in fault.
> The village all declared how much he knew,
> 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too.
> In arguing the parson owned his skill,
> For e'en tho' vanquished he would argue still.

The government of the early masters was of the most rigorous kind. Perfect quiet had to be maintained in the school room—no buzzing—and the punishment for supposed or real disobedience, inflicted on scholars before, up to, and even in my time was cruel and brutal. One punishment was to tie scholars up by the thumbs, suspending them in this way over a door. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was the master's slogan. Whippings were frequent, severe, and sometimes brutal. Thorn, birch, and other rods were kept in large number by the master. Other and milder modes of punishment were in vogue, such as the dunce block, sitting with the girls, pulling the ears, and using the ferule on the hands and sometimes on where you sit down.

> What is man,
> If his chief good and market for his time
> Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.

In 1840 the country master boarded round with the scholars, and he was always given the best bed in the house, and was usually fed on doughnuts and pumpkin pie at every meal. He called the school to order by rapping on his desk with his ferule.

During the twenty-five years of the existence of the pauper schools, the agitation for a better system was continually kept up by isolated individuals. This was done in various ways, at elections, in toasts to a "Free School System" at Fourth of July celebrations, and in conventions of directors. The first governor who took a decided stand in favor of the common schools, was John A. Shultze. He advocated it in his message in 1828. Gov. Wolf, in 1833, found that out of four hundred thousand school children of the legal age, twenty thousand attended school—that three hundred and eighty thousand were yearly uninstructed. Therefore, in his message to the legislature, he strongly recommended the passage of a law to remedy this state of affairs. Wm. Audenreid, a senator from Schuylkill county, introduced a bill during the session of the legislature of 1833, which became what is known as the school law of 1834—the establishment of the common school system. Our first superintendent of public instruction was appointed under this law. His name was Thomas H. Burrows. The first State aid for schools in Jefferson county was in 1835, and through Mr. Burrows. The amount received was one hundred and four dollars and ninety-four cents.

"Barring the master out" of the school room on Christmas and New Years was a custom in vogue in 1840. The barring was always done by four or five determined boys. The contest between the master and these scholars was sometimes severe and protracted—the master being determined to get into the school room and these boys determined to keep him out. The object on the part of the scholars in this barring out was to compel the master to treat the school. If the master obtained possession of the school room, by force or strategy, he generally gave the boys a sound flogging; but if the boys "held the fort," it resulted in negotiations for peace, and in the master eventually signing an agreement in writing to treat the school to apples, nuts, or candy. It took great nerve on the part of the boys to take this stand against a master. I know this, as I have been active in some of these contests.

In 1840 a woman could teach an A, B, C, or "a-b ab" school in summer, but the man that desired to teach a summer school was a lazy, worthless, good-for-nothing fellow. Cyrus Crouch taught the first term in Brookville under the common school law of 1834.

In the forties the school books in use were the New England Primer, Webster's Spelling Book, Cobb's Spelling Book, the English Reader, the New England Reader, the Testament and Bible, the Mate Braun Geography, Olney's Geography, Pike's Arithmetic, the Federal Calculator, the Western Calculator, Murray's Grammar, Kirkham's Grammar, and Walker's Dictionary. A scholar who had gone through the Single Rule of Three in the Western Calculator was considered educated. Our present copy-books were unknown. A copy-book was then made of six sheets of foolscap paper stitched together. The copies were set by the master after school hours, at which time he usually made and mended the school pens for the next day. Our pens were made of goose quills, and it was the duty of the master to learn each scholar how to make or mend a goose-quill pen. One of the chief delights of a mischievous boy in those days was to keep a master busy mending his pens.

The first school house in Brookville that I recollect of was a little brick on the alley on the northeast side of the American Hotel lot. Mrs. Pearl Roundy was the first teacher that I went to. She taught in this house. She was much beloved by the whole town. I afterwards went to the late Paul Darling and others in this same house.

When the first appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars was made by our State for the common schools, a debt of twenty-three million dollars rested on the commonwealth. A great many good, conservative men opposed this appropriation, and "predicted bankruptcy from this *new* form of extravagance." But the great debt has been all paid; the expenses of the war for the Union have been met; and now the annual appropriation for our schools has been raised to five and a half million dollars. This amount due the schools for the year ending June 5th, 1893, was all paid on November 1st, 1893, and our State treasurer had deposits still left, lying idle, in forty-six of our banks, amounting to six and a half million dollars, which should have been appropriated for school purposes, and not kept lying idle. This additional appropriation would have greatly relieved the people from oppressive taxation during these hard times.

The act of May 18th, 1893, completes the evolution in our school system, from the early home, the church, the subscription, the 1809 pauper, the 1834 common, into the now people's or *free* school system.

This free school is our nation's hope. Our great manufacturing interests attract immigrants to our land in large numbers, and to thoroughly educate their

children and form in them the true American mind, and to prevent these children from drifting into the criminal classes, will task to the utmost all the energies, privileges and blessed conditions of our present free schools. In our free schools of Pennsylvania the conditions are now equal. The child of the millionaire, the mechanic, the widow and the day laborer, all stand on the same plane. We have now for the first time in the history of our State, free school houses, free desks, free fuel, free blackboards, free maps, free teachers, free books, free paper, free pens, free ink, free slates, free pencils, free sponges, and *free schools*.

In 1840 our houses and hotels were never locked at night. This was from carelessness, or perhaps thought to be unnecessary. But every store window was provided with heavy outside shutters, which were carefully closed, barred or locked every night in shutting up.

Then every merchant in Brookville was forced, as a matter of protection, to subscribe for and receive a weekly bank note detecter. These periodicals were issued to subscribers for two dollars and fifty cents a year. This journal gave a weekly report of all broken banks, the discount on all good bank notes, as well as points for the detection of counterfeit notes and coin. The coin department in the journal had wood cut pictures of all the foreign and native silver and gold coins, and also gave the value of each.

Money was scarce then, and merchants were compelled to sell their goods on credit, and principally for barter. The commodities that were exchanged for in Brookville stores were boards, shingles, square-timber, wheat, rye, buckwheat, flaxseed, clover seed, timothy seed, wool, rags, beeswax, feathers, hickory nuts, chestnuts, hides, deer pelts, elderberries, furs, road orders, school and county orders, eggs, butter, tow cloth, linen cloth, ax handles, rafting bows and pins, rafting grubs, maple sugar in the spring, and oats after harvest.

In those days everybody came to court, either on business or to see and be seen. Tuesday was the big day. The people came on horseback or on foot. We had no book store in town, and a man named Ingram, from Meadville, came regularly every court and opened up his stock in the barroom of a hotel. An Irishman by the name of Hugh Miller came in the same way and opened his jewelry and spectacles in the hotel barroom. This was the time for insurance agents to visit our town. Robert Thorne was the first insurance agent who came here, at least to my knowledge.

In 1840 every store in town kept pure Monongahela whisky in a bucket, either on or behind the counter, with a tin cup in or over the bucket for customers to drink free of charge, early and often. Every store sold whisky by the gallon. Our merchants kept chip logwood by the barrel, and kegs of madder, alum, cobalt, copperas, indigo, &c., for women to use in coloring their homespun goods. Butternuts were used by the women to dye brown, peach leaves or smartweed for yellow, and cobalt for purple. Men's and women's clothing consisted principally of homespun, and homespun underwear. Men and boys wore wamusses, roundabouts and pants made of flannels, buckskin, Kentucky jean, blue drilling, tow, linen, satinet, bed ticking, and corduroy, with coonskin, sealskin, and cloth caps, and in summer oat straw, or chip hats. The dress suit was a blue broadcloth swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, and a stovepipe hat. "Galluses" were made of listing, bedticking, or knit of woolen yarn. Women wore barred flannel, linsey-woolsey, tow and linen dresses. Six or eight yards of "Dolley Varden" calico made a superb Sunday dress. Calico sold then for fifty cents a yard. Every home

had a spinning wheel, some families had two—a big and little one. Spinning parties were in vogue, the women taking their wheels to a neighbor's house, remaining for supper, and after supper going home with their wheels on their arms. Wool carding was then done by hand and at home. Every neighborhood had several weavers, and they wove or customers at so much per yard.

About 1840 Brookville had a hatter, John Wynkoop. He made what was called wool hats. Those that were high-crowned or stovepipe were wreath-bound with some kind of fur, perhaps rabbit fur. These hatters were common in those days. The sign was a stovepipe hat and a smoothing iron. There was a standing contest between the tailors, hatters and printers in drinking whiskey, (doctors barred.)

Then, too, coopers were common in every town. These coopers made tubs, buckets, and barrels, all of which were bound with hickory hoops. Ours was a Mr. Hewitt. His shop was on the alley, rear of the Commercial Hotel lot. These are now two lost industries.

In 1840 there was but one dental college in the world—the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, established in Baltimore, Md., in 1839—the first dental college ever started. Up to and in that day dentistry was not a science, for it was practiced as an addenda by the blacksmith, barber, watchmaker and others. In the practice no anatomical or surgical skill was required. It was something that required muscular strength and manual dexterity in handling the "turnkey." With such a clumsy, rude condition of dentistry, is it any wonder that Tom Moore wrote these lines:

What pity blooming girl that lips so ready for a lover,
Should not beneath their ruby casket cover one tooth of pearl,
But like a rose beneath a churchyard stone,
Be doomed to blush o'er many a mouldering bone.

All the great discoveries and improvements in the science and art of dentistry as it is to-day, are American. Dentistry stands an American institution, not only beautified, but almost perfected upon a firm pedestal, a most noble science. Through the invention of Charles W. Peale, of Philadelphia, of porcelain teeth, our molars shall henceforth be white as with milk. If Moore lived to-day, under the condition of American dentistry, he might well exclaim in the language of Ackenside:

What do I kiss? A woman's mouth,
Sweeter than the spiced winds fro n the South.

In 1795, when Andrew Barnett, the first white settler in Jefferson county, trod on the ground where Brookville now stands, slavery existed throughout all christendom. Millions of men, women, and children were held in the legal condition of horses and cattle. Worse than this, the African slave trade—a traffic so odious and so loudly reproved and condemned by the laws of religion and of nature—was carried on as a legal right by slave dealers in and from every christian nation. The horror with which this statement of facts must strike you, is only proof that the love of gold and the power of evil in the world is most formidable. The African slave trade was declared illegal and unlawful by England in 1806–7, by the United States in 1808, by Denmark, Portugal and Chili in 1811, by Sweden in 1813, by Holland in 1814–15, by France in 1815, and by Spain in 1822.

When Andrew Barnett first trod the ground where Brookville now stands, the curse of slavery rested on Pennsylvania; for in that year 3,737 human beings were considered "property" within her borders, and held as slaves.

In 1840 slavery still existed in Pennsylvania, the total number being seventy-five, distributed, according to the census of that year, as follows: Adams county 2, Berks 2, Cumberland 25, Lancaster 2, Philadelphia

2, York 1, Greene 1, Juniata 1, Luzerne 1, Mifflin 31, Union 3, Washington 2, Westmoreland 1, Fayette 1.

It will be seen there was no slave held or owned in Jefferson county. There is not to-day a slave in all christendom—after a struggle of nearly two thousand years.

"Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong
Little by little the Wrong gives way;
Little by little the Right has sway;
Little by little the seeds we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow."

In 1840, according to the census, there were fifty-seven colored people and no slaves in Jefferson county. The most prominent of these colored people who lived in and around Brookville, were Charles Sutherland, called Black Charley; Charles Anderson, called Yellow Charley; John Sweeney, called Black John, and George Hays, the fiddler. Charles Sutherland came to Jefferson county and settled near Brookville in 1812. He came from Virginia, and was said to have held General Washington's horse at the laying of the corner stone of the national capitol at Washington. He was a very polite man, a hard drinker, reared a family, and died in 1852, at the advanced age of nearly one hundred years.

Charley always wore a stovepipe hat with a colored cotton handkerchief in it. He loafed much in Clover's store. The late Daniel Smith was a young man then, and clerked in this store. Mr. Smith in his manhood built the property now owned and occupied by Harry Matson. Charley Sutherland, if he were living now, would make a good congressman, because he was good on appropriations. One day there was no one in the store but Smith and Charlie. There was a crock of eggs on the counter. Smith had to go to the cellar, and left the store in the charge of Charlie. On returning he glanced in the direction of the eggs, and discovered that Charlie must have pilfered about a dozen of them. Where were they? He surmised they must be in Charlie's hat; so stepping in front of Sutherland he brought his right fist heavily down on his hat, with the exclamation, "Why the h—ll don't you wear your hat on your head?" Much to the amusement of Smith and the discomfort of Sutherland, the blow broke all the eggs, and the white and yellow contents ran down over Charlie's face and clothes, making a striking contrast with his sooty black face.

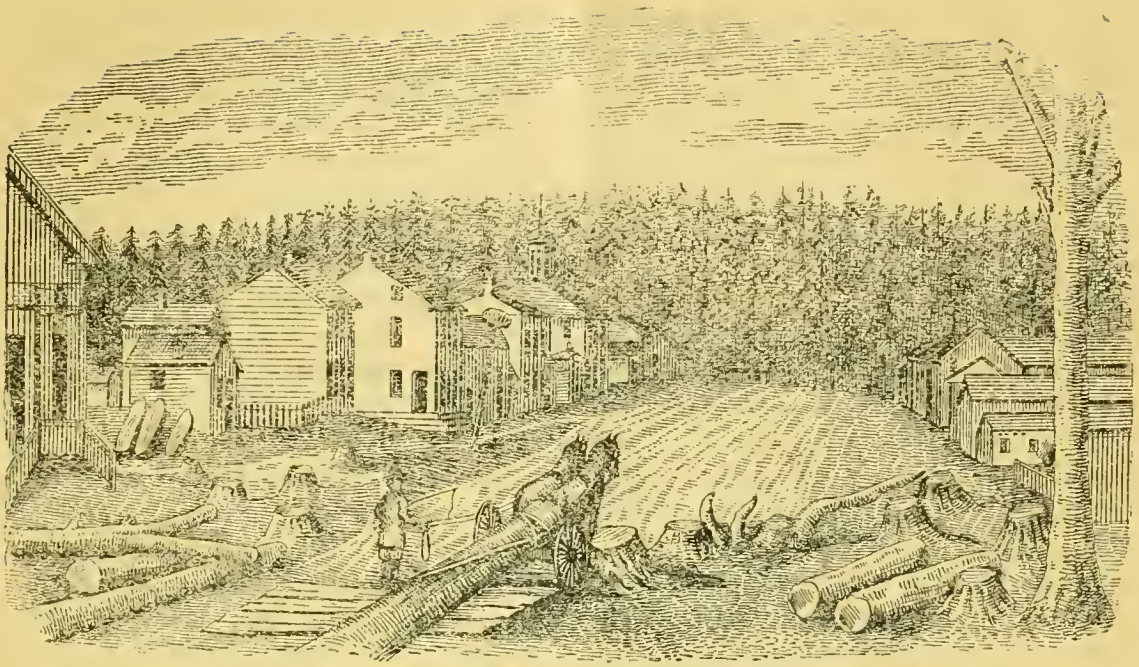
The lives of many good men and women have been misunderstood and clouded by the thoughtless, unkind words and deeds of their neighbors. Good men and women have struggled hard and long, only to go down, down, poisoned and persecuted all their days by the venomous and vicious slanders of their neighbors; while, strange to say, men and women who are guilty of all the vices, are frequently apologized for, respected and are great favorites with these same neighbors.

Charles Anderson, or, as he was called, "Yellow Charley," came to Brookville about 1832. From his first entry into the town until his death he was a public and familiar character. A kind of family visitor. He was the pioneer coal merchant. He was the first man to mine, transport and sell coal in this city. He mined his coal on what is now the John Matson property, opposite Samuel Truby's, on the Sigel road. He dug this coal from the spring ravine where our school building receives its supply of water. The vein of this mine was about two feet thick. Anderson stripped the earth from the top of the vein, dug the coal fine, and transported it in a little, old, rickety one-horse wagon, offering, selling and retailing the coal at each family door in quantities of a peck, half-bushel and bushel. The price per bushel was 12½ cents. I had a free pass on this coal line, and rode on it a great deal. To me it was a line of

"speed, safety and comfort." Anderson was a "Soft Coal King," a baron, a robber, a close corporationist, a capitalist, and a monopolist. He managed his works generally so as to avoid strikes, &c. Yet he had to assume the role of a Pinkerton or a coal policeman at one time, for "there was some litigation over the ownership of this coal bank, and Charley took his old flint-lock musket one day and swore he would just as soon die in the coal bank as any other place. He held the fort, too."

Charley was a greatly abused man. Every theft and nearly all outlawry was blamed on him. Public sentiment and public clamor was against him. He tried at times to be good, attend church, &c., but it availed *him* nothing, for he would be so coldly received as to force him back into his former condition. As the town grew, and other parties became engaged in m ning coal, Charley changed his business to that of water carrier, and hauled in his one-horse wagon washing and cooking water in barrels for the women of the town. He continued in this business until his death, which occurred in 1874. In early days he lived on the lot now owned by Dr. T C. Lawson. He died in his own home near the new cemetery.

It is unfortunate enough to have been painted black by our Creator in these days, but in 1840 it was a terrible calamity. A negro then had no rights; he was nothing but a "d—d nigger;" anybody and everybody had a right to abuse, beat, stone and maltreat him. This right, too, was pretty generally exercised. I have seen a white bully deliberately step up in front of a negro, in a public street, and with the exclamation, "Take that, you d—d nigger," knock him down, and this too without any cause, word or look from the negro. This was done only to exhibit what the ruffian could do. Had the negro, even after this outrage, said a word in his own defense, the cry would have been raised, "Kill the d—d nigger." I have seen negro men stoned into Redbank creek for no crime, by a band of young ruffians. I have seen a house in Brookville borough, occupied by negro women and children, stoned until every window was broken, and the door mashed in, and all this for no crime save that they were black. It used to make my blood boil, but I was too little to even open my mouth. A sorry civilization was this; was it not?



WESTERN ENTRANCE TO BROOKVILLE, 1840.

This is Brookville as I first recollect it—from 1840 to 1843—a town of shanties, and containing a population of two hundred and forty people. This cut is made from a pencil sketch drawn on the ground in 1840. It is not perfect, like a photograph would make it now. To understand this view of Main street, imagine yourself in the middle of the 'pike then, street now, opposite the Union or McKinley Hotel, and looking eastward. The first thing that strikes your attention is a team of horses hauling a stick of timber over a newly laid hewed log bridge. This bridge was laid over the deep gully that can be now seen in G. B. Carrier's lot. Looking to the left side of the street, the first building, the gable end of which you see, was the Presbyterian church, then outside of the west line of the borough. The next, or little house, was Jimmie Lucas's blacksmith shop. The large house with the paling fence was the residence and office of John Gallagher, Esq., and is now the Judge Clark property. The next house was east of Barnett street, and the Peace and Poverty hotel. East of this hotel you see the residence and tailor shop of Benj. McCreight. Then you see a large two-story house, which stood where the Commercial Hotel now stands. This building was erected by John Clements, and was known as the Clements property. Then there was nothing until you see the court house, with its belfry, standing out two stories high, bold and alone. East of this, and across Pickering street, where Harry Matson now resides, was a large frame building occupied by James Craig as a storeroom for cabinet work. Rev. Gara Bishop resided here for a long time. Next to this, where Guyther & Henderson's store now stands, were several brick business buildings belonging to Charles Evans. Next came Maj. Wm. Rodgers's store, on what is now the Edelblute property. Then came Jesse G. Clark's home; then the Jefferson House, (Phil. Allgier's house,) and the present building is the original, but somewhat altered. Then across the alley, where Gregg's barber shop now is, was the

Elkhorn or Red Lion Hotel, kept by John Smith, who was sheriff of the county in 1840. The next house was on the Mrs. Clements property, and was the home and blacksmith shop of Isaac Allen. Then came the Matson row, just as it is now down to the Brownlee house, corner of Main and Mill streets, now Judge Truman's residence.

Now please come back and look down the right hand side. The first building, the rear end of which only can be seen behind the tree, was the first foundry built in town. It stood near or on the ground where Fetzer's brick building now stands, and was built and owned by a man named Coleman. It was afterwards the Evans foundry. When built it was outside the borough. The second house, with the gable next the street, was the home of James Corbet, Esq., father of Col. Corbet, and it stood where the gas office now is. The next and large building, with the gable end next the street, was called the James Hall building, and stood on the ground now occupied by the Bishop buildings. This building was used for day school and singing school purposes. I went to day school here to Miss Jane Clark then, now Mrs. E. H. Darrah. It was also used by a man named Wyukoop, who made beaver hats. The next building was a house erected by a Mr. Sharpe, and was located on the ground where the National Bank of Brookville now stands. The building having the window in the gable end facing you was the Jack building, and stood on the ground now occupied by McKnight & Son in their drug business. East of this, on the ground now occupied by R. M. Matson's brick, stood a little frame building, occupied by John Heath, Sr. It cannot be seen. East and across Pickering street you see the Franklin House and its sign. Here now stands the Central Hotel of S. B. Arthurs. East of the Franklin House, but not distinctly shown on the picture, were the houses of Craig, Waigley, Thomas M. Barr, Levi G. Clover, Mrs. McKnight, (my mother.) Snyder's row, and Billy McCullough's house and shop, situate on the corner of Main and Mill streets, or where the Baptist church now stands

The buildings on each side of Pickering street east of the court house, you will see, are not very plain or distinct on the picture.

While much more could be written of those early days, this ends what I have to say. I leave any further work in this direction to other and more capable persons. I thank the newspapers for the many kind notices they have given these articles I also thank the people for the many kind expressions to me personally. Good bye.

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